

One copy, one year..... \$ 2 00  
Ten copies, one year..... 15 00  
Twenty copies, one year..... 30 00  
An additional copy, free of charge, to the  
gentleman's club, for twenty.  
As we are enabled by law to levy postage  
in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio  
county, we are forced to require payment on  
subscriptions in advance.

All papers will be promptly stopped at the  
expiration of the time subscribed for;  
All letters or business must be addressed to  
Jno. P. BARNETT & Co., Publishers,

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., DECEMBER 29, 1875. NO. 52.

## SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

If this were all—oh, if this were all,  
That into each life some rain must fall,  
There were fainter soots in the poet's  
rhyme,  
There were fewer wrecks on the shores  
of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul—  
Sins, winds of anguish we cannot  
control;  
And shock after shock we are called to  
bear,  
Till the lips are white with the heart's  
despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are  
strewn,  
Unto the ear comes even a moan—  
Wrecks of hope that get sail with glee,  
Wrecks of love, sinking silently.

Many are cast from the human eye—  
O! God knoweth how deep they lie;  
Only God heareth when across the cry,  
"Help me to bear—oh! help me to bear."

"Into each life some rain must fall,"  
If this were all—oh, if this were all;  
Yet there's a refuge from storm and  
blast;  
Gloria Patri—we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,  
The pearl in the wounded shell doth  
lie;

Days of sunshine are given to all,  
Then—into each life some rain must

## My Cousin John's Wife.

Every respectable family should have a Cousin John. I wish that I could add that he had always been an ornament to society, an honor to himself and the "flower of the family." A strict regard for veracity—it answers my purpose on the occasion—forbids any such observation on my part. I am obliged to say this masculine specimen of our ancient race was absolutely the fag-end of our characters. Seemingly, he was the recipient of what was left after furnishing the heads and hearts of all the others. When the grand dames, aunts or uncles, desired to illustrate any particular vice, John was held up as the frightful example. Not that he was an assassin, a high-wayman or a politician. He was simply a maelstrom of carelessness and generosity. If it had not been for him, he would have made a first-class vagabond. As it was, he made out to be a well-dressed, handsome, "good fellow." Beyond that he could not be trusted, and then only when one's eyes were on him.

I was sitting in my solitary parlor one morning, in momentary expectation of receiving an appeal from sister Jane to hasten to "The Maples," as the twins were down with the measles; a summons from Aunt Hannah to bid her last, lingering farewell—lingering is the proper word, and as I had been through the ceremony seven times—and an invitation from Cousin Sarah to run over and turn her black silk. Besides that, I had my own sorrow. My Tabby had been invisible for two days. The evening before she had disappeared she had refused the fifth saucer of milk for her supper, and appeared pensive. I feared she had committed suicide, or wandered out in this unfeeling world, because neighbor Brown's Tab had jilted her for Mrs. Ray's green eyed, black, ugly feline she had the audacity to call "Beauty."

Just then, as I was bitterly regretting that I had not taught Tabby, from my own experience, something of the fickleness of the world, and mankind in particular, who should come blundering in but John. Of course he upset a chair, overturned my work-basket, knocked a book of the table, stepped on my weather-oak toe, and tumbled into my best chair with a crash. Then he reached over to the stand beside me, and, taking a pin, began to draw figures upon my rose wood writing-desk.

"Good morning, John," I remarked.

"Say, Sebrina," he replied, jabbing at his forehead with a pin, "I am to be married next week."

"You surprise me, John."

"Doubtless; but it's a settled fact. I have purchased the little cottage on the hill yonder. It is prepared for the bride. Now you want to go over and make the place home-like. Have a jolly supper ready next Thursday night when we come. You can, Sebrina; you have no husband."

"John," I cried, "it isn't for me to say. I might have had a dozen husbands," with a touch of pride.

"And all died of a broken heart," he laughed. "But will you go?"

Having survived in the champion-ship of my own cognomen until I had arrived at a respectable age, I was accustomed to being a convenience. I think our family had a habit of con sidering it a charity to make me useful. Therefore I didn't say "Nay, John." In due time I went over to the cot-

tage. It was cozy and pleasant, save the varnish odor which always clings to new furniture. How the relatives did run over that place! What comments were made! They ended the siege at last by declaring, now that John was to be married, he would be entirely lost unless his wife had sufficient decision to insist upon the turning of a new leaf in his conduct. And as he had been so neglectful as to consult none of them, probably she was

an unsuitable person.

They came. John introduced me to "My wife Mattie," with a great flourish. My heart misgave me. "My wife Mattie" was a tiny pink and white doll, with a profusion of light curls and frizzles. When I looked into her large, laughing blue eyes, I almost cried when I thought how sad they would grow under John's treatment. I promised to remain with them until Mattie should become acquainted with the place. She had left an immense number of sisters and brothers—John was sure to marry into a large family—and going over to him, said:

"My dear John, you astonish me! I most earnestly desire to please you. I am merely following your example. When I married you regarded my every wish. Now, you forget to provide for me, or give me money to keep myself from starving. If I wanted your boots, I should find one pair under the sitting-room sofa, and another under the kitchen fable. It follows that my tea-kettle might with propriety be found on the best bed. When I was married, my father said I must pull the same way my husband did—in a well-matched team, one impulse controlling both. I tried to be a dutiful wife. I shall take the path you mark out for me."

She smiled as she ceased, but John saw how firm she was in the set; red lips. He looked over to me just as I nodded approvingly.

"She's right," he gasped, "I'll run to the market for a mutton-chop." We had a jolly little dinner, after all; John was a reformed man.

The relatives all wonder what course John's wife took with him. Far be it from me to lisp what I know. Of all abominable things, the most abominable is to take advantage of being an inmate of one's family to blazon about its secret ways. I never see a patient wife enduring a husband's neglect, and forever righting what he has wronged, but I feel like sitting down and telling them about John's wife.

## Painting Black Eyes.

[New York car. Chicago Tribune.]

Of all the odd occupations of the Metropolis, probably the oddest is that of a genius who advertises to "paint black eyes and bruised noses so as to defy detection." His place is on Center street, and his sign is read daily by thousands who ride up and down the Fourth avenue cars, but many of whom doubtless regard it as a joke. But it is the most serious thing imaginable, and the party is occasionally overrun with work. This locality, however, is on the edge of the slums of New York, and his customers are among the plug-uglies and flower classes, who get into a row and come out with a blackened eye. Those who are politicos (as most of them are) wish to be presentable the next day; so off they go to this painter-chap, who, with the skill of an artist, proceeds to paint over with flesh-colors the darkened hues. This interesting business is not confined to one locality nor to one individual. A well-known portrait painter, whose studio is not far from the National Academy building, has, contrary to his own wishes, found himself occupied quite extensively, the past year, in covering up with flesh-colored paint the black and blue spots on the human face divine. He recently informed me that the first case he had come from a volunteer offer on his part to paint over a bruised place upon the eye of a friend. He succeeded so well that soon after another case offered; and still later it became noised around among actresses and actors that he was an adept in covering blotches. Now, strange as it may seem, there are thousands in this city who think it not mind waiting, darling, and Cousin Sebrina will sew them on.

"Now, isn't it too funny! I really forgot you needed a clean shirt. Six are rough-dried in the closet, three I forgot to put in the wash, and the others haven't a button on. But you will not mind waiting, darling, and Cousin Sebrina will sew them on."

"We are late already," replied John, almost savagely.

As might have been expected, we had a late breakfast the next morning. Mattie presided at the table, collarless, hair in disorder, and slippers down at the heel. John's disposition being slightly ruffled, he was inclined to car-

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

### A Strange Sequel at a Strange Duel.

[Correspondent Chicago Tribune.]

On the 12th day of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between a Captain Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Captain Fry, commanding a Rebel scout, in Green county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in the favor of one and then the other. Their commands were camped on either side of Lick creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferry boat; but there was a bridge spanning the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge, that communication should go neither North or South, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other for several months, and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted.

The terms were that that they should fight with navy pistol at twenty yards apart, deliberately walking towards each other, and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds, and agreed upon a rebel surgeon, (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man that soldiers would adore and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined, and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and night-entrants in the middle ages, and of brave men embalmed in modern poetry; but when I saw this man Jones come to the duellists' scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but as he honestly thought for his country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Jones was a man full six feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet black eyes, wearing a slouched hat and gray suit, and looking rather the demon than the man. There was nothing ferocious about him; but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill you!" Without a doubt, he was brave, cool and collected, and, although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. I shall never forget that meeting. Jones, in his military, boyish mood, as they shook hands, remarked that—A soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath, when in glory's romantic career.

Fry caught up the rest of the sentence, and answered by saying:

Yet he bends o'er the foe when in battle laid low,

And batters every wound with a tear.

They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "fire," and as he slowly said, "One, two, three—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word "one," and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot, Jones threw up his right hand, and, firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot; but, seeing Jones fall silently lowered his pistol, dropped to the ground, and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down, and asked him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around the organ, and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds, and gav him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got well.

Fry received three wounds—one breaking his left arm, one in the left and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well. Neither of them asked for a discharge, but both resumed their commands when they got well, and fought the war out to the bitter end, and to-day are part-

ners in a wholesale grocery business down South, doing a good business, and verifying the sentiment of Byron that

"That a soldier braves death, etc."

Trusting that the above truthful narrative will be a lesson to young people North and South, that stayed on the outside and yelled "Seek dog!" and are still not satisfied with the results of the war, let me subscribe myself a reconstructed CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

### How Mary Jane Was Won.

There is no foolishness about some of the fathers of Dubuque county, Iowa, who have marriageable daughters, and they know how to precipitate business when the fruit is ripe. Mary Jane was brought to a climax with a rush at a certain farmer's residence in Vermont township, recently. A young tiler of the soil had for months been paying most assiduous attention to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful, modest chap, never having been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the all-important question.

He had gone to the house in which his admired lived, upon at least twenty different occasions, resolved to know his fate; but when ushered into the presence of his fair one, into whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably "go back on him," and he would return to his lonely room in greater suspense than before. Upon the evening in question he had determined that, come what would, he would tell his Mary that he loved her. He would once for all decide the matter. But, as upon each former occasion, he could get the proposal no further than his throat. There it stuck, and he had just determined to gulp it down and give up the seige when the door opened and in stalked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting and thus addressed them:

"I come in to put a stop to this infernal foolishness. It ain't the courting expenses that I'm looking at, for coal oil's cheap an' wood can be had for the haulin'; but I'm sick and tired of this billin' and cooin' like a pair of sick doves, keepin' me awake of nights, and it's got to be stopped right here. Mary Jane, look up here. Do you love John Henry well enough to marry him?"

"Why, father, I—I—you must!"

"Stop that darn foolishin'!" yelled the old man. "Answer 'yes' or 'no,' an' mighty quick, too. Its got to be settled now or never."

"Answer 'yes' or 'no.' Speak!" roared the old gent.

"Well, yes, then. There now," and Mary again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to talk. Now, John, look here—look up here, or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that gal o' mine for a wife? Speak out like a man, now."

"Well, yes, then. There now," and Mary again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to talk. Now, John, look here—look up here, or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that gal o' mine for a wife? Speak out like a man, now."

"Well, yes, sir; I have been presumptuous enough to hope that I—"

"Oh, confound your soft talk; the thing's settled now. You two blasted fools would have been six month more at the job that I've done in five minutes. I never saw such foolin' as there is among young folks now-a-days. Ain't like it was when I was young—an' now good night. You can talk the thing over, an' you an' me, John'll go to town an' get the license to-morrow. Soon be time to go plowin'—no time for lovin' makin' then. Good night, good night; hope I wasn't too rough, but I was determined to fix the thing up one way or 'other,' and the old man went back to bed.

Now that the ice was broken, the young people laid all their plans for the future, and John felt a little bad at the comfort he had lost, when Mary looked up at him shyly, and said:

This would have been all right four months ago, John, if you hadn't been so shabby. I know'd all the time that you wanted to ask me; but it wasn't my place to say anything, you know. No cards.

A Quakertown man has solved Mr. Livermore's query: "What will we do with our daughters?" He has purchased two washing machines and will take in washing. His wife and seven daughters are to do the work and he will superintend the business.

## Integrity of Character.

### Negro Preacher Killed.

A negro preacher was shot and killed in Garrard county a few days since by a party of men who were seeking to arrest him. He started to run and was about to escape, when he was fired on. He was charged with the unchristian crime of hog-stealing. We did not learn the negro's name, but as a negro preacher named Nathan Graves was charged with stealing hogs in the vicinity a few weeks ago, we presume he was the person killed.—*Lebanon Standard.*

## ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion.....	1 00
One square, each additional insertion.....	10 00
One square, one year.....	30 00
One-fourth column per year.....	30 00
One-third column, per year.....	40 00
One-half column, per year.....	60 00
One column, one year.....	100 00

For shorter time, at proportionate rates.

One inch of space constitutes a page.

Two or three pages constitute a half-page.

Three or four pages constitute a quarter-page.

Four or five pages constitute a half-page.

Five or six pages constitute a full-page.

For shorter time, at proportionate rates.

One inch of space constitutes a page.

Two or three pages constitute a half-page.

Three or four pages constitute a quarter-page.

Four or five pages constitute a half-page.

Five or six pages constitute a

# THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO. Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29 1875.

## FAREWELL OLD YEAR.

A glance at the date of this issue reminds us that another year is hurriedly preparing to pass over its checks to "Old Mother Time." The last week of the last month is upon us, and it might not be amiss for us to take a retrospective view of the past year; but we forbear to look back, lest we suffer the fate of Lot's wife. We prefer to "leave the dead past to bury its dead." We have all had some misfortunes and adversities during the past year, but it is folly to spend the present precious golden moments in grieving over the mistakes of the past. Bitter regrets and secret pinings over what has been, will only tend to weaken our energies for what is to be. Let us gather strength from the experience of the past, and look forward to a more hopeful future. Let us not prophesy adversity nor heed advice from the frenzied croakers that throng our path.

There are those who make it a rule to look at the dark side of the picture only, and they never once see the "silver lining of the storm-cloud." They are bound with their troubles, without any hope of a resurrection. The sable clouds of (to a great extent) imaginary sorrow shut out all the beautiful sunlight of life. Contact with such parties, unless prudently guarded against, is as dangerous to our prosperity as the breath of the fatal si-moon to life and health. The times in which we live require men and women of cheerful hearts, iron nerve and indomitable energy.

Our National centennial year is about to usher in, and we prophesy an unusual onward move in all the arts and sciences during the year, for inventive genius will receive fresh impetus from the awards and encouragements given by the various centennial exhibitions. The times are indeed propitious. We are having a tremendous political revolution. Kings and cliques that have been plundering the people are being hunted up, and honesty and fair dealing is once more becoming fashionable. Let us no longer distrust. We ought to, can and must look to a hopeful future; matters might be worse, let us make them better. The great world above and around us is grand and beautiful to those who try to make it so. We are making rapid strides toward a better day. This life of ours is, after all, about as we should make it. If we can banish grief and care, let's hasten to undertake it. We hope our readers have had a merry Christmas, and we now wish them a glad new year.

## EDITING AND PUBLISHING A NEWSPAPER.

It is trouble at all to edit and publish a country newspaper, in such a way as to meet the tastes and desires of all its readers and the public generally, and in such a manner that no one can take offense, and to write an article that one person will unhesitatingly pronounce good logic and another will pronounce a good joke. All this is not only easily done, but it is a pleasure. No practice, no mind, no thought or labor is necessary, all you need is a piece of paper and a pencil. It is all nonsense to talk about this or that editor getting up a spicy sheet, and editors who put such stuff in their papers do it because they have nothing else to fill their columns with. Editors know all the news going, either foreign, local or general, and people need not put themselves to the trouble of communicating any news items to us. They are always well posted on science, art, politics, commerce, finance, and in fact upon every subject, and have read all the books ever published from the travels of Gulliver down to minister Schenck's work on poker-playing, and have read all the newspapers published. They take a particular delight in loaning their exchanges before they have had a chance to read them, especially to persons who do not subscribe for or advertise in their paper. They are ever ready on the shortest notice to give you a handsome puff gratis, and will quit any other kind of work to do it. They never think of any such thing as pay for it, and you need not even thank them as it is not expected. Don't pay your subscription—you would surprise the editor if you were to. The editor knows he can run his paper for nothing, except the glory of it, and he does not expect pay. If there is a paper published in your county don't think of advertising in it, and if you want any job-work done be sure to send it off to the city and have it done, unless your county paper will do it for nothing and give you a puff besides. Go to the office about once a week, especially if you are not a

patron of the paper, and lecture the editor about how to run a newspaper, and don't forget to tell him if he would only take your advice, and run it right, he would soon make a grand success of it.

Follow the foregoing advise and your paper will flourish like a summer snow, and the editor will feel as a country boy at a town frolic. So far as Ohio County is concerned, it is useless for us to give these suggestions, for they already understand them and act them out in toto.

EX-SENATOR JOHN B. HENDERSON.

The upright and fearless course of ex-Senator Henderson in the prosecution of the St. Louis whisky ring thief has brought him again prominently before the public. Mr. Henderson, it may be remembered, was in the Senate from Missouri at the time of the impeachment of President Johnson, and voted with Fessenden, of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, Trumbull, of Illinois, and Fowler, of Tennessee, for acquittal. As he had previously been a staunch Republican and, as accounted as certain to vote for conviction, his action provoked a bitter hostility to him, which he ascribed, rightly or wrongly, to Ben Butler and Gen. Grant, and which resulted in his being shelved by the Missouri Republicans. He denounced Grant and Butler publicly and privately in 1868, and being somewhat vindictive, possibly he had not yet forgotten his antipathy. Perhaps the recollection of his own wrongs was not without effect in inspiring the speech which caused his dismissal as Assistant Government counsel in the whisky cases.—*Russell Herald*:

A Washington dispatch says: "Grant is still cudgeling his brain on the subject of Cuba, and it now transpires that he and Secretary Fish are decidedly at variance upon several points involved in the question. Fish is opposed to any interference whatever by our Government, whether in the shape of recognition or belligerency, or of independence or offer of mediation. Grant is in favor of the latter policy. Fish promulgated his views through the correspondence of the New York  *Tribune*. Grant will set forth his in a double-leaded leader in the *Republican*."

A Washington letter says: "One of the most impressive features of the present gathering of Congress is the presence of Southern members and their Southern friends. The warm Southern grasp of the hand, charming Southern accent, and the impulsive Southern manner, give a new zest to Washington life to one who has not been here since the war. All the born Southerners who come here take an interest now in National affairs that might astonish some who remember the bitterness of a few years ago."

It is said that Parson NEWMAN, General GRANT's chaplain, induced him to join the O. A. U. out of compliment. The President went in to oblige his spiritual adviser, but seeing that he could use the order as a political machine, has become a very earnest member. He can cry "The Shield! The Shield! The Shield," and tap his nose as well as any of them now.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Richard T. Jacob has been elected by the Magistrates of Oldham county, and commissioned by the Governor, County Judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge T. A. Rodman, whose failing health has compelled him to relinquish the duties of the office.—*Frankfort Yeman*.

Governor McCreary received on Thursday from General Hewett, Quartermaster General of the State, now in Washington, a U. S. Treasury draft for \$12,950 18, as part payment upon the war claim of Kentucky. He writes that installments involving the payment of much larger sums are undergoing examination by the proper officers, and he has hopes of further collections after the Christmas Holidays.—*Frankfort Yeman*.

GENERAL JAMES A. DAWSON is a candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives. The General is well known all over the State, and if elected will make an efficient clerk.

CARL SCHURZ's paper the St. Louis *Wednesday Post*, nominates HENDERSON for President, and says BRISTOW must stand out of the race.

In ancient Rome, during the period between 200 and 300 A. D., the average duration of life among the upper classes was thirty years. In the present century, among the same classes of people, it amounts to fifty years.

Prof. Lister, a New York astrologer, expects to discover Tweed's whereabouts by studying the stars. The idea of looking in the direction of heaven for the "Boss."

## THE CROW HOUSE,

Opposite the Courthouse

HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHT . . . . PROPRIETOR.

Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

## STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & Southwestern railroad. Passengers get down wherever they desire.

CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK,

—WITH—

**GARDNER & CO.,**

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,

No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth

LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John B. Henderson. Judah A. Harrison. Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.



NEITH THOMAS  
CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks securely packed and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

C. P. BARNES & BRO.,  
Jewelers, Main st., bt. 6th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.

FIRST  
New Goods  
OF THE  
SEASON,

WM. H. WILLIAMS,

HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is Receiving Daily,  
THE LATEST NOVELTIES  
IN

DRY GOODS.  
Gents' and Boys' Clothing,  
HATS, CAPS;  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and  
FANCY GROCERIES.

Also dealer in

Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James II. Taylor, Jr., Adm'r, pltf., v. Equity.

James H. Taylor, Jr., dfts.

All persons having claims against the estate of James H. Taylor, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, in office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

July 11, 1875.

MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in  
Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything neatly kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH, and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county.

M. & K. will take this occasion to no-

tify the farmers of Ohio and

Batavia counties, that they are large and con-

stant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very

highest market prices. They also do the larg-

est TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always pa-

ying high prices, IN CASH, than anybody el-

se. They ask a share of public patronage.

33-4 m.

W. H. HARDWICK,

A. T. NALL,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price.

# PROSPECTUS!

## OF THE

## HARTFORD HERALD.

### A HOME PAPER

## FOR THE PEOPLE.

**The Herald**  
Will always contain the news of the County in a Brief and Condensed form. Now is the time to

## GIVE US YOUR AID.

And thus enable us to make it one of the best papers in the Country.

## THE JOB DEPARTMENT

Of the HERALD is in every respect complete, and as neat job work can be done here as in the cities.

Sustain your County Paper.

### HARTFORD MALE

### FEMALE SEMINARY.

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the

First Monday in September, 1875,

and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A.M.,

sided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary . . . . \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00

Junior . . . . 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention will be given to fitting boys for College. Books may be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$1.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

n.s.-tf SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

## STAVES.

500,000

WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

wanted. For further information address

DOROTHY HENRY & CO.,

14 and Delaware,

Louisville, Ky.

References—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis,

Hartford, Ky.

Paducah at

9:00 " "

The next train for Paducah leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 9:45 a. m. and arrives at

7:30 p. m.

Greenville at 7:30 a. m.

Owensboro at 7:30 a. m.

Leitchfield at 7:30 a. m.

Campbell's Springs at 7:30 a. m.

Beaver Dam at 7:30 a. m.

**THE HERALD.**  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
IN THE TOWN OF  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.  
BY  
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,  
AT THE PRICE OF  
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with business and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full list of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, invariably in advance.

Should any paper suspend publication, from any cause during the year, we will refund the sum of one year's subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business we are solicited; except those of saloons keepers, or dealers in intoxicating liquors, which will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising, and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

**COUNTY DIRECTORY.**

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.

Hon. Jas. Hayford, Attorney, Owensboro.

A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.

E. R. Marcell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.

T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.

E. L. Wise, Sheriff, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Monday in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

**COUNTY COURT.**

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.

J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

**QUARTERLY COURT.**

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

**COURT OF CLAIMS.**

Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

**OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.**

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.

W. H. Smithburgh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.

Geo. H. Bowell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.

W. L. Rose, School Commissioner, Hartford.

**MAGISTRATES' COURTS.**

Grayson District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice, b'd March 5, June 17, September 4, December 14.

E. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, June 4, September 18, December 4.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 2, June 15, September 2, December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Render, Justice, held March 21, June 14, September 20, December 14. T. S. Bonelli, Justice, held March 10, June 23, September 15, December 11.

Gulf's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 24, June 10, September 25, December 11.

Wardville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22. J. L. Burton, Justice, March 20, June 7, September 23, December 8.

Witts District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March 1, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas. M. Her, Justice, March 22, June 6, September 3, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Joe. P. Cooper, Justice, March 13, June 23, September 14, December 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25, June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, March 27, June 18, September 29, December 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, March 17, June 28, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen, Justice, March 12, June 24, September 13, December 28. Jas. M. Leech, Justice, March 26, June 12, September 25, December 14.

Falihar Spring District, No. 10.—R. G. Wedding, Justice, March 19, June 5, September 21, December 1. Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, March 6, June 10, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Crommies, Justice, March 10, June 22, September 10, December 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, March 23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

**POLICE COURTS.**

Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.

Bever Dam.—B. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

Cerfay.—W. B. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.

**WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29, 1875.**

W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

**Particular Notice.**

All persons indebted to this office, will

please call and pay up, as we are in urgent

need of some money. We cannot run a

newspaper without money, and hence we

are under the necessity of collecting as

fast as amounts fall due.

**A splendid Investment.**

We will send the *Farmer's Home*

*Journal*, price \$2.00 per year, and the *HARTFORD HERALD*, price \$2.00 per year, to the same address for the small sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the

money and get both papers.

**Look out for the Red Mark.**

Subscribers who see a red mark

on the margin of their paper near

their names may know that their

time has expired. We hope all such

will renew at once.

**Terrible Storm at Sea.**

And there will be a terrible storm

around here if those who owe me do

not come up and pay me at once. I

cannot furnish the sick with medicine

free, as I have to pay cash for all

drugs. I will be compelled to sue on

all my notes and accounts if not paid

at once.

Z. WAYNE GRIMM.

Nov. 24th, 1875.

Toosum pie.  
Good-bye 1875.  
Leap year party.

A new painter in town.  
The river is rising again.  
No tobacco as yet coming in.

Look out for the fortune-teller.

This is the last paper in this year.

Quite a number of visitors in town.

This is fine weather for hauling tobacco.

Rev. Mr. Gardner did not fill his appointment here Sunday.

Our thanks are due Mr. Wm. Phillips for late Cinematograph papers.

Enlarge your advertisements for the new year.

An immense amount of rain fell Sunday.

Drummers are not quite so numerous as they have been.

Mr. L. P. Foreman now manipulates the yard-stick at E. Small's.

Wild geese are frequently seen in large gangs going North.

Harry Bridges, from Carson, Daniel & Co., was in town Monday.

Girls, don't forget the leap-year party.

If the fortune-teller comes around treat her gently. She's a deserving old lady.

We're going to have it—the leap year party.

Dry goods business is on the improve.

Don't fail to attend Lodge to-morrow night.

Something needed—improvements on the streets.

There were more drunken men in town last Friday and Saturday than we have seen for some time.

Improvements at the courthouse are being made in the way of laying brick walks.

Mr. W. H. Griffin left yesterday morning for Elizabethtown, where he will spend several days with relatives.

If you want "laugh and grow fat" converse with the new painter. He'll full of fun.

Time makes many changes—but the HERALD will enter upon a new year week after next.

When you want a nice, cheap suit of clothes, give Geo. Platt a call. He'll fix you up all right.

Mr. W. A. Gibson was in town Saturday, and called up to see "the boys."

Miss Alice Jarboe and Miss Jennie Bennett are spending Christmas in Owensboro.

Miss Legie Walker is spending holidays at home, but will return to school in a short time.

There is a great deal of tobacco in the county for sale, but none of our buyers have the nerve to buy.

Hartford is to-day older than Louisville, and not a respectable sidewalk or pavement can be found in town.

Mr. Perry B. Wilkes of Horse Branch station Ohio county, was the first to renew his subscription for the year 1876.

Marion Taylor, of color, was placed in jail on Monday last for bad conduct among some of the colored females.

Messrs. George Platt, Harry Bridges, Jacob Duke, J. T. Moore, F. B. Wise and E. Small, went over to Cromwell Sunday. They think it rained a little.

Mr. John O'Flaherty, formerly of this place, but now principal of the Livermore High School is spending a few days in town.

The Rev. Mr. Riggins, of St. Louis, Mo., of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, will hold services at court-house to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock.

Little Guy Bennett and May Lyon had a Christmas tree at the Hartford House, on which many nice presents were placed for distribution.

"Brick" Pomeroy is going to take the Democratic to Chicago, and expresses a determination to make it as "red hot" as ever.

CHAS. O'CONNOR, the eminent New York lawyer, who has been lying at the point of death for some time, is reported out of danger.

"Brick" Pomeroy is going to take the Democratic to Chicago, and expresses a determination to make it as "red hot" as ever.

CHAS. O'CONNOR, the eminent New York lawyer, who has been lying at the point of death for some time, is reported out of danger.

CHAS. O'CONNOR, the eminent New York lawyer, who has been lying at the point of death for some time, is reported out of danger.

The year 1875 will soon bid us all farewell. Let's enter upon the new year more vigorously than we did the past, and be a more prosperous and better people.

We are glad to see Clarence Hardwick, who has been confined to his room for several days past, from a wound received in his wrist while out bird hunting, able to be upon the streets again.

Albert Rial, a small boy in the upper end of town, was wrestling with another boy named Buckner Collins, last Monday, which resulted in the former getting his ankle broken. It was done in the fall; but how neither of them can tell.

Old Santa Claus was very generous this year—presenting us with eight dolls. We like the little things, and will start a wholesale establishment in a short time.

**A Destructive Storm.**

A very destructive storm passed over Cromwell and vicinity last Sunday, extending back from the river about two miles. Fences were blown down to the ground as well as a great deal of fine timber. A house, barn and stable near Puehico were almost entirely destroyed.

The sun, moon and stars may vary, but when we receive such nice things as the candy sent us last Thursday by Miss Alice Leach, we never fail to return thanks, and here we tender them to her. It was of the cocoanut flavor, and manufactured by her own delicate hands. We were generous, and gave the entire HERALD corps a "bit," which was pronounced by all to be par-excellent. Many thanks, Miss Alice.

**In It to be an Open Winter.**

The Western Indians are prognosticating an open winter. They say the bears are not going into winter quarters at all, and mention this occurrence as something very unusual.

It looks very much like the bears were right, and that we are going to have a comparatively open winter. "The very cold weather" which Prof. Tee promised us "from Dec. 30th to Jan. 6th" has not yet come to hand.

The store houses of E. V. Kimbley & Son and S. W. Anderson, of Celarvo, this county, were broken into one night last week by a young man named Young. Kimbley & Son lost fifty dollars worth of goods, and numerous little articles were taken from Anderson. Young was arrested, but how he came out we have not yet learned.

A young America from the country was in town the other day, and after growing tired of town started for home, but was asked by a friend how he had enjoyed Christmas, when he said: "It's the dullest one I ever saw; even the shooting-crackers don't burst good."

The lining iron for the jail is arriving every day, and Mr. Bennett will proceed with business immediately. Hartford will soon boast of having as good a jail as any of her neighboring counties.

On last Monday the Crow House was rented to the highest bidder. The present proprietor, Mr. J. S. Vaught, will retire from the hotel business in a few days. He will move to his residence in the lower end of town, and will be pleased to carry with him his old customers and as many new ones as may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Mr. Vaught is a very pleasant landlord, and we recommend him to those who wish a pleasant boarding-house.

A delightful time was experienced by the little ones, (and good many large ones, too), at Mrs. W. T. Klug's Monday night. Little Maggie and Willie entertained their guests in a princely manner, having prepared for them one of the nicest repasts of which the little ones ever had the pleasure of partaking. Their amusement lasted until ten o'clock, when they began to depart for their several homes, with thoughts of the pleasant hours just spent still lingering in their minds. We return thanks to Mrs. King for the nice cake furnished us, and as we were devoring the last morsel, our thoughts were of the kind donor, and Wells made the heaviest sales—they advertised in the HERALD.

The Grayson County Journal, of last week, pays us the following highly appreciative compliment:

</div

